

A Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed Gentlewoman,

Who cheated a rich Grasier of Sevenscore pound, and left him a Child to keep.
If you will know, then listen a while, | And you shall know that which will make you smile.
The Tune is, *Ranged and Torn.*



KAnd Country-men list to my Ditty,

I pray you what ever you be,
I know that my case you will pitty,
I pray then take warning by me:
Sevenscore pounds I did lose,
besides a fine Babe at Purse:
My Sweet-heart she did me abuse,
and left me no Coin in my Purse:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
By women are men overthrow'd,
And rich men are often made Poor,
whom as they keep more then their own.

I brought some Cattel to Town,
and sold them for Sevenscore pound;
But money less then I went home,
with sorrow encompass'd round:
A dainty fine Cloak bag I had,
within it my treasure I laid,
My fortune now maketh me sad,
to think how that I was betray'd.
Take heed &c.

As through Cheapside I did pass,
mistrusting no manner of harm,
I met with a proud decay'd Lads,
with a pretty fine Child in her arm:
She seemed in habit, to be
a Gentlewoman that was made poor,
She asked releif then of me,
then I thought to have made her my whore:

Quoth she, pray yield some releif,
these words then unto me she said;
Unto a poor wretch full of grief,
a poor Gentlewoman decay'd:
Fair Mistress quoth I, I do grieve,
to see you so distressed be,
But I all your wants will relieve,
if you will be ruled by me:
Take heed, &c.

So with me unto my Inn,
and there you shall lye at your ease,
You never was brought up to Spin,
but Gentlemens humours to please:
I'll tell them that you are my wife,
and this is my Child that you have,
'Twas I that did breed all the strife,
and with my self paid the kinde.
Take heed, &c.

She seemed to be over-joyd,
and cast a Sheeps eye upon me,
She could not be better imploy'd,
and so we did quicky agree:
When unto the Inn I did come,
her fingers did itch at my Pelf,
I call'd for a large fair Room,
for my Wife my Child and my self:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrow'd,
And rich men are often made poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

A Dainty fine Supper we had,
and brought up unto us with speed
But all the charge lay upon me,
I paid for it soundly indeed:
Now when she had sup'd I kiss her,
and she was as willing as I,
But would to God that I had mist her,
and her decay'd Gentility?
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made Poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

Down staires then softly she went,
and call for my Cloack-bag with speed
This Harlot was surely bent,
for to undoe me with speed,
My night-cloaths are in it quoth she,
such mischief in Harlots are rife,
He gave her my Cloack-bag most free,
as thinking she had been my wife:
Take heed, &c.

She cunningly slunk out of doors,
when no body did her mind,
I may bid a poe of all Whores,
for leaving her Bastard behind:
Now farewell my seven score pound,
Lul-a-by must be my Song,
I'm left like a horse in the pound,
'tis I that must suffer the wrong:
Take heed, &c.

I call'd her to come unto bed,
not thinking I had been undone,
I lookt like a man had been dead,
when as I perceiv'd she was gone:
I fretted, I furr'd, and swore,
the Child had got a new Dad
And when I began for to rose,
the people did think I was mad:
Take heed, &c.

The Chamberlain run up again,
fir, what is the matter, quoth he,
I call back that woman again,
for she hath quite ruined me:
She leaveth her Bastard behind her,
on purpose to shorten my life,
O prithee see if thou canst find her,
for why? she is none of my wife:
Take heed, &c.

But where is my Cloack-bag I pray,
for therein lies all my gains?
I gave it your wife by my say,
then would you were hang'd for your pains:
You called your wife and your honey,
why should not your wife then be bold,
To have the command of your money,
your Cloack-bag, your Silver and Gold?
Take heed, &c.

The Child lay crying apace,
and I lay swearing as fast,
To understand rightly my case,
the Inn keeper came at the last:
When he understood the matter,
he said he was glad 'twas no worse,
He told me that he would not flatter,
for I must provide me a nurse:
Take heed, &c.

I'm sorry you met with this Harlot,
the cause of your sorrow and grief,
But you would have made her your Harlot,
if she had not proved a Chief:
You wanted a bit for your Cat,
to purge out your mad mellencholly,
I pray you think wisely of that,
for you have paid well for your folly:
Take heed, &c.

This was all the comfort he gave,
I was never so beguil'd,
The folks in the house did out-wade me,
and bid me provide for my Child:
I carried my Child unto Nurse,
to end all the trouble and strife,
With never a groat in my Purse,
I went unto my Wife:
Take heed, &c.

No wonder that meat is so dear,
the Grasier so pincheth the Pooz,
But now it doth it doth plainly appear,
the Grasier maintaineth a Whore:
Since Whences so chargeable are,
the Grasier had need to be witty,
if ever it should be his care,
to fetch his loss out of the City.
Take heed of bad women therefore, &c.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray,
and T. Passinger.